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"About 8 years ago, I suffered from what the doctors called rheumatism. Nobody knows the pain and misery which I had to endure and which clung to me in spite of the medicines prescribed. At last, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a whole year, until the rheumatism entirely disappeared."—JAMES WAY, proprietor of livery stable, Roseville, Cal.

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AT THIS OFFICE.

AGAINST CREMATION.

A New and Interesting Argument Presented by Sir Francis Hayden.

It cannot be said that cremation has gained many converts during the last few years. In spite of the one great argument advanced in its favor—namely, that earth burial is insanitary—people have gone on burying their dead in the old way. The hygienic objection to earth burial has been ignored rather than combated—in fact, many intelligent people who would still insist on the old mode of burial in the case of their own relatives would nevertheless admit that the contention of the cremationists rests on a basis of fact.

But in an address the other day at a meeting of the British Institute of Public Health Sir Francis Seymour Hayden took issue with the cremationists on that very point. He declared in the strongest language that earth burial, if properly conducted, can never endanger the health of the living, and carried the war into Africa by asserting that cremation is itself insanitary, and therefore so serious a menace to the public health that it ought to be prohibited by law. The earth, he maintained, is the one great purifier and renovator. There resides in the soil the chemical power of forming new and innocuous combinations out of the poisonous and miasmatic substances buried in it. Not only that, but the earth needs to be enriched by the restoration to it of dead matter, whose substance was drawn from it by the protoplasmic energy of life. So that, if all the effete residuum of the world were to be burned, the earth would soon be deprived, according to Sir Francis, of the chemical elements that support life, and all life would cease.

It would perhaps be the wisest course for outsiders to let the distinguished English scientist and the cremationists fight this question out, as indeed in all likelihood they will. It is pertinent to observe, however, that it is not the purely speculative question that it may seem to be at first. It has a practical application as well. If the contention of Sir Seymour Hayden is true, then the system of burning garbage, so frequently advocated and in many cities adopted, is unwise, for it is destroying valuable nutrient elements that ought to be returned to the soil. On the same theory the practice of throwing the garbage into the sea, in vogue in this city, is even more vicious, so far as its effect on the soil is concerned. As will be seen, therefore, the question here raised is one of the greatest practical interest and importance and should be carefully considered by all cities that contemplate the burning of their garbage.—New York Tribune.

NO RECONCILIATION.

The Deacons Are Parted Forever, Says Gossip-Know-Everything Cholly.

Edward Parker Deacon puts to sleep all rumors of an intended reconciliation between him and his wife, who is said to be on her way to America with her mother, Mrs. C. H. Baldwin.

Deacon has written to a near friend in Newport that there is no prospect whatever of his ever seeing Mrs. Deacon again, much less of his living with her. These are almost the exact words of Deacon's letter, written from Greenfield, Mass., on Sept. 28.

What is more, he authorized the recipient of the letter to make its contents known to the public through the press.

Deacon is now living in Greenfield with his daughter, and it may be depended on that he means just what he says.

Though a very quiet man as to his domestic affairs, he is also very determined, and it is probable that he would not make any such statement now if he had not been driven to it by repeated reports that a reconciliation is about to be effected.

The man who has nerve enough to kill his wife's paramour as Deacon killed Mrs. Deacon's French lover is not likely to become reconciled to the woman.

He may be generous enough to let her go her way in such peace as she may find, but he can never take her to his arms again.

The only instance of the kind in my knowledge is that of a well known and wealthy New York man, who is still despised for his action.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

The Agony of Remorse.

Six cents, the smallest contribution ever made to the conscience fund, arrived at the White House a few days ago, and with it the following letter:

To His Majesty President Cleveland:
Dear Sir:—I am in a dreadful state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago—as near as I can remember it is two years—I used two postage stamps that had been used before on letters—perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember of doing it twice. I did not realize what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turned on that subject, and I think of it night and day. Now, dear president, will you please forgive me, and I promise you I will never do it again? I enclosed find out of three stamps and please forgive me, for I was then but 12 years old, for I am heartily sorry for what I have done. From one of your subjects.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pope's Monument.

One of the most celebrated Roman sculptors has now almost completed the sepulchral monument for the pope, ordered by himself. It is of Carrara marble. On the cover of the sarcophagus lies a lion, with one paw on the papal tiara. On the right is the statue of Faith, holding in one hand the Holy Scriptures and in the other a torch. On the left is the statue of Truth, holding the arms of the pope. Under the lion, on the face of the tomb, is a Latin inscription in large black letters.—London News.

The New Army Rifle.

The new rifle which has been adopted by the United States army weighs only eight pounds and will kill a man at a distance of two miles. With the use of smokeless powder it is said that the man would be killed before he heard or knew of the report. The bullet is to be of nickel or steel.—Hardware.

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Ardmore Lodge No. 31, A. F. and A. M., meets in their hall on South Cadde street, the first Saturday night in each month, on or before the full moon.
D. D. FLOW, Worshipful Master.
A. R. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

Ardmore Chapter, No. 11, Royal Arch Masons, meet in their hall over Whittington's store the fourth Thursday night in each month.
G. H. BAKER, High Priest.
A. R. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

Ardmore Camp No. 22, Woodmen of the World, meet in their hall at Whittington's store every second and fourth Monday night in each month. Visiting sovereigns invited to attend.
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J. E. CHURCH, South-Corner Broadway and Church Street. Preaching every Sabbath. Morning 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Sunday school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Epworth League, 2 p. m. N. F. LAW, Pastor.

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STELLER'S SEA LION.

In Temper He Is More Lionlike Than the Lion Himself.

Steller's sea lion is the king of the pinnipeds. Unlike nearly all other sea animals that have been gloriously misnamed after familiar land quadrupeds, his appearance is quite lionlike, particularly his massive head and ferocious countenance and his powerful neck, covered with long, coarse hair of a tawny gray color. While he does not roar quite so thunderously as the king of the desert, he roars much oftener and more universally. In temper he is more lionlike than the lion himself, for the old males are continually fighting and cutting each other with their long teeth in a way that real lions never dream of. They are timid and afraid in the presence of their master—man—just as the lion also, for that matter, though he is not a stupid idiot, like the sea lion.

Steller's sea lion is at home in various places in North America, from the Farallone islands and Point Reyes, near San Francisco, northward along the Pacific coast to the Pribilof islands. He loves the most rugged and rocky shores, where the breakers thunder unceasingly against the foot of tall black cliffs. It is on the Pribilof islands, however, that this animal may be seen in the greatest numbers and at his best. The herds that make that wild spot their home number many thousands of individuals. The herd that frequents the northeast point of St. Paul's island is drawn upon by the natives for food and other purposes as regularly as if it were a big herd of cattle. In Mr. Elliott's time that one herd is said to have contained between 18,000 and 20,000 head.—St. Nicholas.

That Friend of Your Youth.

Next to the lynx-eyed younger brother with his terrible memory and his great eloquence the friend of her youth is the being whom every woman wishes most to avoid. The friend of one's youth remembers and recalls in public all one's early follies. She tells if you have forgotten the day you ran away from school, the afternoon you were whipped for playing with the boys around the corner, the day you painted your face with the artificial roses on your mother's bonnet and the night you demolished a whole jar of jam at a sitting. She generally does this when the minister is calling or when your prospective mother-in-law is eagerly drinking in the story of your youthful crime.

Then the friend of your youth goes on and enumerates forgotten love affairs, recalls your successive flirtations and conveys to the listeners the impression that you were a very gay person indeed. She feels free because of her position to criticize your clothes, your manner, your stance and your looks. For the same reason she considers herself at liberty to borrow any of your possessions, from a handkerchief to the contents of your purse. And when she has done all these things she sits down and sentimentalizes about the past and makes you agree that such halcyon days will never come again.—New York World.

A Remarkable Dog.

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "One day, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats at about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until the next morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelping. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately up stairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape, he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had been recently paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when found, having been 26 hours underground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."—Baltimore Sun.

A New Umbrella Stand.

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman, with an unusually tall hat, entered, and seeing no rack in the hall placed his hat on the floor just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered with a large, dripping umbrella, and peering anxiously for the usual receptacle saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

An Edison Invention Idle.

Ten years ago Mr. Edison applied for a patent in his own country for a new method of generating electricity, which is now made public. It consists of a furnace or which is placed an iron pot or crucible, through the closed cover of which a stout rod of carbon passes down to near the bottom of the crucible, where it is surrounded by dry metallic oxides or other compounds capable of attacking carbon under heat and in rarefied air. The closed crucible is connected with an exhaust fan by an exhaust pipe. This invention seems to have been abandoned by Edison. At all events, it has not as yet come into practical use.—London Globe.

M. Meyer of Paris has invented a kind of paper that is indestructible by fire. Specimens after remaining 144 hours in the heat of a potter's furnace still retained the glaze.

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